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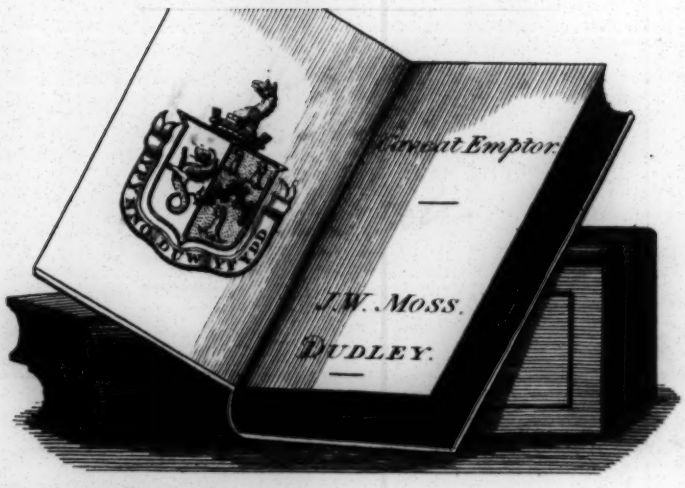

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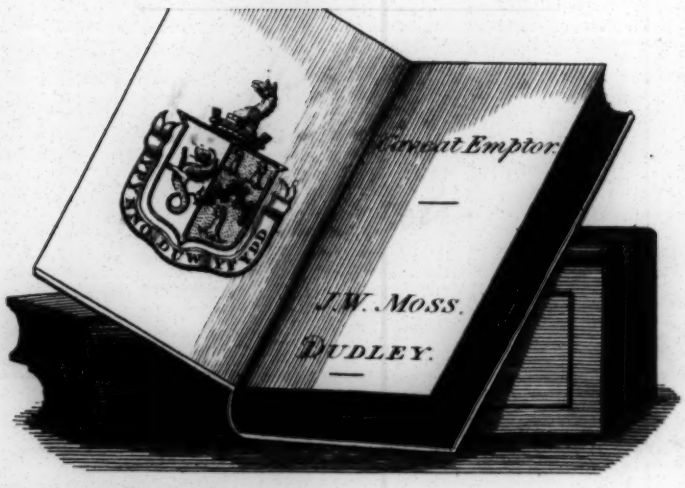

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J. 4

10

E 10

Bc

Doraſtus *in Love-Paſſion, Writes theſe few Lines in praiſe of his loving and beſt beloved* Fawnia.

AH! were ſhe pittiful as ſhe is fair,
or pitiful as ſhe is ſeeming ſo:
Then were my hopes greater than my deſpair;
then all the World were Heaven, nothing Woe.
Ah! were her Heart relenting as her Hand,
that ſeems to melt even with the ſhildeſt touch,
Then knew I where to ſeat me in a Land
under the wide Heavens, but yet not ſuch:
So as ſhe ſhews ſo ſeems the budding Roſe,
yet ſweeter far than is an Earthly Flower;
Soveraign of Beauty! like the ſpray ſhe grows,
compaſs'd ſhe is with Thorns, and cankered flower:
Yet were ſhe willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gathered though ſhe grew on Thorn.

Ah! when ſhe ſings, all Muſick elſe be ſtill,
for none muſt be compared to her Note;
Ne'r breath'd ſuch Glee from *Philomela*'s Bill,
nor from the morning-ſingers ſwelling Throat:
Ah! when ſhe riſeth from her bliſsful bed,
ſhe comforts all the World, as doth the ſun;
And at her ſight the Nights foul Vapours fled:
when ſhe is ſet, the gladſome day is done:
O Glorious Sun! imagine me the Weſt;
Shine in my Arms, and ſet thou in my Breaſt.

The PLEASANT HISTORY OF Dorastus and Fawnia

E 10

Pleasant for Age to shun drousy Thoughts.
Profitable for Youth to avoid other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to both a desired Content.

By *Robert Green* Master of Arts in Cambridge.

London, Printed by *H. Bugis* for *J. Clark*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*, 1684.

The Pleaſant HISTORY OF Doraſtus and Favvnia.

AMongſt all the Paſſions wherewith humane minds are perplexed, there is none that ſo galleth with reſtleſs deſpite, as that infectious ſore of Jealouſie: For all other griefs are either to be appeaſed with ſenſible perſwaſions, to be cured with wholeſome Counſel, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worn out; Jealouſie only excepted, which is ſauced with ſuſpitious doubts & pinching miſtruſt, that whoſo ſeeks by friendly Counſel to raiſe out this paſſion, it forthwith ſuſpecteth, that he giveth this advice to cover his own Guiltineſs. Yea, who ſo is pinched with this reſtleſs torment, doubteth all, diſturbeth himſelf, is alwaies frozen with fear, and fired with ſuſpition, having that wherein conſiſteth all his joy, to be the breeder of his miſery. Yea, it is ſuch an heavy Enemy to the happy eſtate of Matrimony, ſowing between the Married couples, ſuch deadly ſeeds of ſecret Hatred, as Love once razed out by ſpightful Diſtruſt, there often iſſueth Bloody Revenge, as this enſuing Hiſtory manifeſtly proveth: Wherein Pandoſto (furiouſly incenſed by a cauſeleſs Jealouſie) procured the Death of his moſt Loving and Loyal Wife, and his own endleſs Sorrow.

IN the Country of Bohemia, there Raigned a King called Pandoſto, whoſe Fortune, Succeſs in War againſt his Foes, and bountiful courteſie towards his Friends in peace, made him greatly feared and loved of all men.

This Pandoſto had to Wife a Lady called Bellaria, by Birth Royal, Learned by Education, Fair by Nature, by Vertues famous

famous: So that it was hard to judge, whether her Beauty, Fortune, or Vertue, won the greatest Commendation. These two linked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content, that their subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long, but fortune (willing to encrease their happiness) sent them a Son, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the Child greatly augmented the love of the Parents and the joy of their Commons; insomuch that the Bohemians, to shew their inward joys by outward actions, made Bonfires and Triumphs throughout all the Kingdom: appointed Justs and Turnies for the honour of their young Prince: whither resorted not only his Nobles, but also divers Kings and Princes which were his Neighbours, willing to shew their friendship they owed to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their Prowess and Valour. Pandosto, whose mind was fraught with Princely Liberality, entertained the Kings, Princes and Noblemen with such submiss courtesie & magnifical bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratifie their good wills, making a general feast for all his Subjects, which continued by the space of twenty days, all which time the Justs and Turnies were kept, to the great content both of the Lords and Ladies there present. The solemn Triumph being once ended, the assembly taking their leave of Pandosto and Bellaria, the young Son (who was called Garinter) was Nursed up in his house, to the great joy and content of his Parents.

Fortune envious of such happy success, willing to shew some sign of her Inconstancy, turned her Wheel, and darkned the bright Sun of Prosperity, with the misty Clouds of mishap and misery. For it so hapned, that Egistus King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shew that neither tract of time, or distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a Navy of ships, & sailed into Bohemia, to visit his old friend & Companion: Who hearing of his arrival went himself in person, and his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great Train of Lords and Ladies to meet Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his horse, embracing him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the World could have hapned more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his Wife to welcome his old

friend

friends and acquaintance; who (to ſhew how ſhe liked him whom her Husband loved) entertained him with ſuch familiar courteſie, as Egiſtus perceived himſelf to be very welcome.

After they had thus Saluted and Embraced each other, they mounted again on horſeback, and rode toward the City, deviſing and accounting how being Children, they paſſed their youth in friendly paſtimes; where by the means of the Citizens, Egiſtus was received with Triumphs and Shews, in ſuch ſort, that he marvelled how on ſo ſmall a warning they could make ſuch preparation. Paſſing the ſtreets thus with ſuch rare ſights, they rode on to the Palace: where Pandoſto entertained Egiſtus & his Sicilians, with ſuch Banqueting and ſumptuous Chear, ſo Royally, as they had all cauſe to commend his Princely Liberality: Yea, the very baſeſt ſlave that was known to come from Sicilia, was uſed with much courteſie; that Egiſtus might eaſily perceive how both he, and his were honoured for his friends ſake.

Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of Courteſie) willing to ſhew how unfeignedly ſhe loved her Husband by his friends entertainment, uſed him likewiſe ſo familiarly, that her countenance bewrayed how her heart was affected toward him; oftentimes coming her ſelf into his bed-chamber, to ſee if nothing ſhould be amiſs to diſlike him. This honeſt familiarity encreaſed daily more and more betwixt them: for Bellaria noting in Egiſtus a Princely and bountiful mind, adorned with ſundry and excellent qualities, & Egiſtus finding in her a Virtuous and Courteous diſpoſition, there grew ſuch a ſecret uniting of their affections, that the one could not be without the Company of the other: inſomuch, that when Pandoſto was buſied with ſuch urgent affairs, that he could not be preſent with his friend Egiſtus, Bellaria would walk with him into the Garden, and there they two in private pleaſant Devices, would paſs away their time to both their contents. This cuſtom ſtill continuing betwixt them; a certain melancholly paſſion entring the mind of Pandoſto, drove him into ſundry and doubtful thoughts.

Firſt, he called to mind the Beauty of his Wife Bellaria, the comelineſs and bravery of his friend Egiſtus: thinking that love was above all Laws, & therefore to be ſtayed with no Law, that it was hard to put Fire and Flax together without burning, that

their

their open pleasure might breed his Secret Displeasure. He considered with himself that Egistus was a man, and must needs love: that his Wife was a woman, and therefore subject to love: and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force. These and such like doubtful thoughts a long time Smothering in his stomach, began at last to breed in his mind a secret mistrust which encreased his Suspition, grew at last to a flaming jealousie, that so tormented him, as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy: so as he began to watch them more narrowly, to see if he could get any true or certain proof to confirm his doubtful suspition; while thus he noted their looks & gestures, and suspected their thoughts and meaning, they two silly Souls, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequenting dayly each others company: who drove him into such a Frantick passion, that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus, and a lowring Countenance to Bellaria: who marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the Moon, and to enter into a thousand thoughts, which way she should offend her Husband but finding in her self a clear Conscience, ceased to muse till such time as she might find opportunity to demand the cause of his dumps. In the mean time Pandosto's mind was so surcharged with jealousie that he no longer doubted, but was assured, as he thought, that his friend Egistus entred a wrong point in Tables, and so had played him false play. Whereupon desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge, with a fair and friendly Countenance; and so under the shape of a friend, to shew him the trick of a foe; devising with himself a long time, how he might best put away Egistus without Suspition of Treacherous Murder, concluded at last to poyson him. Which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass, he called to him his Cup-bearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter: Promising him for the performance thereof, to give him a Thousand Crowns of Yearly Revenue. His Cup-bearer, either being of a good Conscience, or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody Request, began with great Reasons to perswade Pandosto from

from this determinate Miſchief: ſhewing him what an offence Murther was to the Gods, how much unnatural actions did more diſpleaſe the Heavens than men: and that cauſeleſs Cruelty did ſeldom or never eſcape without Revenge: he laid before his face that Egiſtus was his friend, a King, and one that was come into his Kingdom to confirm a League of perpetual Amity betwixt them: that he had, and did ſhew him a moſt friendly countenance: How Egiſtus was not only honoured of his own people by obedience, but alſo loved of the Bohemians for his courteſie: And that if he ſhould without any juſt or manifeſt cauſe poyſon him, it would not onely be a great diſhonour to his Majeſty, and a means to ſow a perpetual Enmity betwæn the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but alſo his own Subjects would repine at ſuch treacherous Cruelty. Theſe and ſuch like perſwaſions of Franion, (for ſo was his Cup-bearer called) could no whit prevail to diſſwade him from his Devilish Enterprize: But remaining reſolute in his determination, his fury being fired with rage, as it could not be appeaſed with reaſon, he began with bitter Taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two Baits, preferment & death; ſaying, that if he would poyſon Egiſtus, he would advance him to high Dignities; But if he refuſed to do it of an obſtinate mind, no Torture ſhould be too great to requite his diſobedience. Franion ſæing that to perſwade Pandoſto any more, was but to ſtrive againſt the ſtream, conſented as ſoon as opportunity would give him leave, to diſpatch Egiſtus, wherewith Pandoſto remained ſomewhat ſatisfied, hoping now he ſhould be fully revenged of ſuch miſtruſted Injuries: intending alſo as ſoon as Egiſtus was dead, to give his Wife a Sop of the ſame Sauce, and ſo to be rid of thoſe which were the cauſe of his reſtleſs ſorrow: while thus he lived in this hope, Franion (being ſecret in his Chamber) began to meditate with himſelf in theſe terms.

Ah Franion! Treaſon is loved of many, but the Traytor is hated of all; unjuſt offences may for a time eſcape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art ſervant to a King and muſt obey at command, yet againſt all Law and Conſcience; It is not good to reſiſt a Tyrant with Arms, nor to pleaſe an unjuſt King with obedience. What ſhall thou do? Folly refuſeth

Gold and frenzy preferment. Wisdom seeketh after Dignity, and Counsel looketh for gain: Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy Soveraign: Thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Think this Franion, that a pound of gold is worth a tun of Lead. Great gifts are little Gods, and Preferment to a mean man is a Whetstone to courage. There is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor lighter than report: care not then though most call thee a Traytor, so all call thee Rich. Dignity Franion advanceth thy posterity; and evil Report can but hurt thy self. Know this, Where Eagles build, Falcons may pray; where Lyons haunt, Foxes may steal. Kings are known to command, Servants are blameless to consent: fear thou not then to lift at Egistus; Pandosto shall bear the burden: Yea, but Franion, Conscience is a Worm that ever biteth, but never ceaseth; that which is rubbed with the stone Galactites, will never be hot; Flesh dipped in the Sea Ægeum will never be sweet; The Herb Trigon, being once bit with an Aspis, never groweth; the Conscience once stained with innocent blood, is alwaies tyed to guilty remorse. Prefer thy content before Riches, and a clear mind before Dignity; so being poor, thou shalt have rich Peace; or else Rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

FRanion having muttered out these, or such like words, seeing either he must dye with a clear Mind, or live with a spotted Conscience, was so cumbred with divers Cogitations, that he could take no rest, until at the last he determined to break the matter to Egistus: but fearing that the King should either suspect or hear of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Lingring thus in a doubtful fear in an Evening he went to Egistus Lodging, and desired to speak with him of certain affairs that touched the King; after all were Commanded out of the Chamber, Franion made manifest the whole Conspiracy which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a Traytor for bewraying his Masters Counsel, but to think that he did it for Conscience; hoping that although his Master inflamed with rage, or increased by some sinister reports, or slanderous Speeches, had imagined such causeless mischief, yet when time should pacifie his Anger, and

try

try thoſe Tale-bearers to be but flattering Paraſites, then he would count him as a faithful ſervant, that with ſure care had kept his Maſters credit. Egiſtus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his Tale, but quaking fear poſſeſſed all his Limbs, thinking that there was ſome Treaſon wrought, and that Franion did but ſhadow his Craft with theſe falſe colours; wherefore he began to wax in choler, and ſaid that he doubted not Pandoſto, ſith he was his friend, and there had never been as yet any breach of Amity, he had not ſought to invade his Lands, to conſpire with his Enemies, to diſſwade his Subjects from their Allegiance, but in word and thought he reſted his at all times; he knew not therefore any Cauſe that ſhould make Pandoſto to ſeek his Death, but ſuſpected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians, to bring the King and him to odds. Franion ſtaying him in the midſt of his talk, told him; That to dally with Princes, was with the Swans to ſing againſt their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any ſuch miſchief, it might have been the better brought to paſs, than by revealing the Conſpiracy; therefore his Majeſty did ill to miſconſtrue of his good meaning, ſith his intent was to hinder Treaſon, not to become a Traytor: And to confirm his promiſe, if it pleaſed his Majeſty to fly into Sicilia, for the ſafeguard of his Life, he would go with him: and if then he found not ſuch a practiſe to be pretended, let his imagined Treachery be repayed with moſt monſtrous torments. Egiſtus hearing the Solemn Proteſtations of Franion, began to conſider, That in Love and Kingdoms, neither Faith nor Law is to be reſpected: Doubting that Pandoſto thought by his Death to deſtroy his Men, and with ſpeedy Wars to invade Sicilia. Theſe and ſuch like doubts throughly weighed, he gave great thanks to Franion, promiſing, if he might with Life return to Syracuſe, that he would create him a Duke in Sicilia: Craving his counſel how he might eſcape out of the Country. Franion, who having ſome ſmall skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew the danger of the Sea: Joyning in counſel with the Maſter of Egiſtus Navy, Rigging all their Ships, and letting them afloat, let them lye at Anchor, to be in the more readineſs when time and Wind ſhould ſerve. Fortune, although blind, yet by chance favouring his

just cause sent them within six days a good gale of Wind; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspition, the Night before he should sayl, he went to him, and promised, That the next day he would put the Device in practice; for he had got such a forcible poyson, as the very smell thereof would procure sudden death. Pandosto was joyful to hear this good News, and thought every hour a day, till he might be glutted with this bloody revenge: but his Suit had but ill success; for Egistus fearing that delaying might breed danger, and willing that the Grals should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, by the help of Franion, conveyed himself & his men out at the Postern Gate of the City, so secretly and speedily, that without any suspition they got to the Sea-shore; where with many a bitter Curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard, weighing their Anchors, and hoisting Sail, they passed as fast as Wind and Sea would permit towards Sicilia; Egistus being a joyful man that he had safely passed such treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the Sea, Pandosto and his Citizens were in an uproar: For seeing that the Sicilians without taking their leave, were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some Treason, and the King thought that without question his Suspition was true, seeing the Cup-bearer had bewrayed the Sum of his secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion, and his Wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection she bare him, was the only means of his secret departure, insomuch, that incensed with rage, he commanded that his Wife should be carried straight to Prison, until they heard further of his pleasure. The Guard unwilling to lay their hands on such a Virtuous Princess, & yet fearing the Kings fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfill their Charge: Coming to the Queens Lodging, they found her playing with her young son Garinter; unto whom with tears doing their message, Bellaria astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her clear Conscience a sure Advocate to plead in her cause, went to Prison most willingly; where with sighs and tears she passed away the time, till she might come to her Tryal.

But Pandoſto, whoſe Reaſon was ſuppreſſed with Rage, and whoſe unbridled folly was incenſed with fury. Seeing Franion had bewrayed his ſecrets, & that Egiſtus might well be railed on, but not revenged, determined to wreak all his wrath on poor Bellaria. He therefore cauſed a generall Proclamation to be made throughout all his Realm; That the Queen and Egiſtus had by the help of Franion, not only committed moſt inceſtuous Adultery, but alſo had Conſpired the Kings death; whereupon the Traytor Franion was fled away with Egiſtus, and Bellaria was moſt juſtly impriſoned. This Proclamation being once blazed through the Country, although the vertuous diſpoſition of the Queen did half diſcredit the Contents, yet the ſo ſudden and ſpeedy Voyage of Egiſtus, & the ſecret departure of Franion, induced them (the circumſtances throughly conſidered) to think, that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly envied; yet they pitied her caſe, and were ſorrowful that ſo good a Lady ſhould be croſſed with ſuch adverſe Fortune. But the King, whoſe reſtleſs rage would admit no pity, thought that although he might ſufficiently requite his Wives falſhood with the bitter plague of pinching Penury, yet his mind ſhould never be glutted with revenge, till he might have a fit opportunity to repay the Treachery of Egiſtus with a fatal Injury. But a curſt Cow hath oftentimes ſhort Horns, and a willing mind, but a weak arm. For Pandoſto, although he felt that Revenge was a Spur to War, and that envy always proffereth Steel, yet he ſaw that Egiſtus was not only of great Puiſſance and Powers to withſtand him, but alſo had many Kings of his Alliance to aid him, if need ſhould require, for he married the Emperors Daughter of Ruſſia. Theſe and the like conſideration ſometimes daunted Pandoſto's courage, ſo that he was content rather to put up a manifeſt injury with peace, than hunt after revenge, diſhonour, & loſs; determining ſince Egiſtus had eſcaped ſcot-free, that Bellaria ſhould pay for all, at an unreaſonable price.

Remaining thus reſolute in his Determination, Bellaria continuing ſtill in priſon, and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her mind was never touched with ſuch affection, nor that Egiſtus had never offered her ſuch diſcourteſie, would gladly have come to her Anſwer, that both ſhe might have known her juſt Accuſer, and cleared her ſelf of that guiltleſs Crime.

But

But Pandosto was so inflamed with Rage, and infected with Jealousie, as he would not vouchsafe to hear her, nor admit any just excuse, so that she was fain to make a Vertue of her need, and with patience to bear these heavy Injuries. As thus she lay trolled with calamities (a great cause to increase her grief) she found her self quick with Child: which as soon as she felt stir in her body, she burst forth into bitter tears, exclaiming against Fortune in these Terms:

ALas, Bellaria! How unfortunate art thou, because Fortunate! Better thou hadst been born a Beggar, than a Princess, so shouldst thou have bridled Fortune with want, where now she sported her self with thy plenty. Ah happy Life, where poor thoughts and mean desires live in secure content, not fearing Fortune, because too low for Fortune. Thou seest now Bellaria that Care is a companion to Honour, not to Poverty: that high Cedars are crushed with Tempests, when low Shrubs are not touched with the Wind: precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when despised pebbles lye safe in the sand. Delphos is sought to by Princes, not Beggars: And Fortunes Altar smoaks with Kings presents, not with poor mens Gifts. Happy are such Bellaria, that curse Fortune for contempt, not fear; & may wish they were not, sorry they have been: Thou art a Princess, Bellaria, and yet a Prisoner: born to the one by descent, assigned to the other by despight; accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to dye without care: for patience is a shield against Fortune, and a guiltless mind yieldeth not to sorrow; but Infamy gallerh unto death, and liveth after death. Report is plumed with Times Feathers, and Envy oftentimes soundeth Fames Trumpet; Thy suspected Adultery shall fly into the Ayr, and thy known Virtues shall lye hid in the Earth: One Mole staineth a whole Face; And what is once spotted with Infamy, can hardly be worn out with Time. Dye then Bellaria, Bellaria dye: for if the Gods should say, Thou art guiltless, yet Envy would bear the Gods, but ne'r believe the Gods. Oh hapless wretch, cause these terms: Desperate thoughts are fit for them that fear shame, not for such as hope for credit; Pandosto hath darkned thy Fame,

Fame, but shall never discredit thy Vertues. Suspition may enter a false Action, but proof shall never put in his Plea. Care not then for Envy, sith Report hath blisters on her tongue: and let Sorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultless, but alas poor Soul, how canst thou but sorrow! Thou art with Child, and by him that instead of kind pitty pinched thee in cold Prison: And with that, such galping sighs stopped her breath, that she could not utter any more words, but wringing her hands, and gushing forth streams of Tears, she passed away the time with bitter complaints.

The Jaylor pitying those her heavy passions, thinking that if the King knew she were with Child, he would somewhat appease his fury, and release her from Prison, went in all haste, and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellaria's complaint was: who no sooner heard the Jaylor say she was with Child, but as one possessed with a Frenzy, rose up in a Rage, swearing that she and the Bastard brat she went withal should die, if the Gods themselves said no; thinking surely by computation of time, that Egistus and not he was Father to the Child: This suspitious thought galled afresh his half healed sore, insomuch as he could take no rest, until he might mitigate his choler with a cruel Revenge, which happened presently after Bellaria was brought to bed of a fair and beautifull Daughter, which no sooner Pandosto heard, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young Infant should be burned with fire. His Nobles hearing of the Kings cruel Sentence, sought by perswasions to divert him from his bloody determination; laying before his Face the Innocency of the Child, and Vertuous Disposition of his Wife, how she had continually Loved and Honoured him so tenderly, that without due proof he could not, nor ought not appeach her of that Crime: And if she had faulted, yet it were more Honourable to pardon with Mercy, than to punish with extremity, and more kindly to be commended of pitty, than to discredit her. And as for the Child, he would punish it for the Mothers Offence, it were to strive against Nature and Justice, and that unnatural Actions do more offend the Gods

than

than men? How causeless Cruelty against innocent blood never escaped without revenge. These and such like Reasons could not appease his Rage, but he rested resolute in this, That Bellaria, being an Adultress, the Child was a Bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous Brat should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his Nobles were so importunant upon him) he was content to spare the Childs life, and yet to put it to a worse Death; For he found out this device, That seeing (as he thought) it came by Fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune, and therefore he caused a little Cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the Babe, and then sent him to the Mercies of the Seas, and the Destinies: From this his Peers in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his Guard to fetch the Child; who being come to the Prison, and with weeping Tears recounting their Masters Message; Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous Resolution of her mercilesse Husband, but she fell down in a swound, so that all thought she had been dead: Yet at last being come to her self, she cryed and shrieked out in this wise.

ALas sweet unfortunate Babe, scarce born, before envied by Fortune! Would the day of thy birth had been the term of my life; then wouldst thou have made an end of care, and prevented thy fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hateful Revenge; thy days are too short for so sharp a Doom: but thy untimely death must pay thy Mothers doubts, & her guiltless Crime must be thy ghostly Curse. And shalt thou sweet Babe, be committed to Fortune, when thou art already spighted by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy Harbour, and the hard Boat thy Cradle? Shall thy tender mouth instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter storms? Shalt thou have the whistling Winds for thy Lullaby, and the Salt Sea foam instead of sweet Milk? Alas! what Destinies would assign such hard hap? What Father would be so cruel? Or what Gods will not Revenge such rigour: Let me kiss thy Lips (sweet Infant) and wet thy tender Cheeks with my tears, and put this Chain about thy little neck; that if Fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee. Thus since

ſince thou muſt go to ſurge on the gaſtfull Seas, with a ſorrowful Kiſs I bid the farewel, and I pray the Gods thou mayſt farewell, ſuch, and ſo great was her grief, that her vital Spirits being ſuppreſſed with ſorrow, ſhe fell again down in a Trance, having her Senſes ſo ſtopped with care, that after ſhe was revived yet ſhe loſt her Memory, and lay for ſome time without moving, as one in a Trance: The Guard left her in this perplexity, and carried the Child to the King, who quite devoid of pitty, commanded that without delay it ſhould be put into the Boat, having neither Sail nor Rudder to guide it, and ſo to be carried into the midſt of the Sea, and there left to the Winds and the Waves: as the Deſtinies pleaſe to Appoint. The very Ship-men ſeing the ſweet countenance of the young Babe began to accuſe the King of Rigour, and to pitty the Childs hard Fortune: but fear conſtrained them to that which their Nature did abhor. So that they placed it in one of the ends to the Boat, and with a few green Boughs made a homely Cabin to ſhrowd it as well as they could from Wind and Weather. Having thus trimmed the Boat, they tyed it to a Ship, and ſo hailed it into the main Sea, and then cut in ſunder the Cord; which they had no ſooner done, but there aroſe a mighty Tempeſt, which toſſed the little Boat ſo vehemently in the Waves, that the Ship-men thought it could not continue long without ſinking. For the ſtorm grew ſo great, that with great labour and peril they got to the Shore. But leaving the Child to her Fortunes, we will return to Pandoſto; who not yet glutted with ſufficient Revenge, deviſed which way he ſhould beſt increaſe his Wives Calamity But firſt aſſembling the Nobles and Counſellors, he called her (for the more reproach) in open Court, Where it was objected againſt her, That ſhe had committed Adultery with Egiſtus, and conſpired with Franion to poyſon Pandoſto her Husband, but their Pretence being partly eſpied, they Counſelled him to fly away by night for their better ſafety: Bellaria (who ſtanding like a Priſoner at the Bar, and feeling in her ſelf a clear Conſcience to withſtand her falſe Accuſers) ſeeing no leſs than Death could pacifie her Husbands Wrath, waxed bold, and deſired that ſhe might have Law and Juſtice (for mercy ſhe neither craved nor hoped (and that theſe perjured Wretches which had falſly

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accused her before the King, might be brought before her face to give in evidence. Pandosto (whose Rage and Jealousie was such, as no reason nor equity could appease) told her, That for her Accusers, they were of such credit, as their words were sufficient Witness, and that the sudden and secret flight of Egistus and Franion, confirmed that which they had confessed: and as for her, it was her part to deny such a Monstrous Crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the Fact, since she had passed all shame in commiting the fault; but her countenance should stand for no Coyn; for as the Bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruel death be requited. Bellaria no whit dismayed with this rough Reply, told her Husband Pandosto, that he spake upon Choler, and not Conscience; for her vertuous Life had even been such, as no spot of Sulpition could ever stain it. And if she had born a friendly Countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affection; therefore if she were condemned without any further proof, it was Rigour, and not Law. The Noblemen which sate in Judgment, said: That Bellaria spake reason; and intreated the King that her accusers might be openly examined and sworn; if then the Evidence were such as the Jury might find her guilty, (for seeing she was a Princess, she ought to be tryed by the Peers) then let her have such Punishment as the Extremity of the Law will allign to such Malefactors. The King presently made Answer, that in this case he might and would dispence with the Law; And that the Jury being once panneled, they should take his word for sufficient Evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The Noblemen seeing the King in Choler were all whist: But Bellaria, whose life hung in the Ballance, fearing more perpetual Infamy than momentary death, told the King if his fury might stand for a Law, that it were in vain to have the Jury yeild their Verdict: and thereupon she fell down upon knees, and desired the King, that for the love he bare to his Young Son Garinter, whom she brought into the World, that he would grant her Request, the which was this: That it would please his Majesty to send six of his Noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the Isle of Delphos, There to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had commited

Adultery

Adultery with Egiſtus, or conſpired to poyſon him with Franion: and if the God Apollo, and by his Divine Eſſence knoweth all ſecrets, gave anſwer that ſhe was guilty, ſhe was content to ſuffer any Torment were it never ſo terrible. The requeſt was ſo reaſonable, that Pandoſto for ſhame could not deny it, unleſs he would be counted of all his Subjects more Wilful then Wiſe. He therefore agreed, that with as good ſpeed as might be, there ſhould be certain ambaſſadors diſpach'd to the Iſle of Delphos: and in the mean time he commanded that his Wife ſhould be kept in cloſe Priſon. Bellaria haveing attained this grant, was more careful of her little Baby that floated on the Seas, than ſorrowful for her own miſhap; for of that ſhe doubted; but of her ſelf ſhe was aſſured; knowing that if Apollo ſhould give ſentence according to the thoughts of her heart, yet the Sentence ſhould go on her ſide, ſuch was the clearneſs of her mind, in this caſe. But Pandoſto (whoſe Suſpicious heart ſtill remained in one Song) choſe out ſix of his Nobility, whom he knew were ſcarce indifferent men in the Queens behalf; and providing all things fit for their Journey, ſent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfil the Kings Command, and deſirous to ſee the Scituation and Cuſtome of the Iſland, diſpatched their affairs with as much ſpeed as might be, and Embarked themſelves for the Voyage: which (the wind and weather ſerving fit for their purpoſe) was ſoon ended. For within three weeks they arrived at Delphos: where they were no ſooner ſet on Land, and with great Devotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering Sacrifice unto the God, and Gifts to the Prieſts, as the cuſtome was, they humbly craved an anſwer of their demands. They had not long kneeled at the Altar. but Apollo, with a loud voice ſaid: Bohemians, What ye find behind the Altar, take and depart. They forthwith obeyed the Oracle, found a Scrowl of Parchment, wherein were written theſe words in Letters of Gold.

The *ORACLE*;

Suspition is no Proof; Jealousie is an unequal Judge; *Bellaria* is Chaste, *Egistus* Blameless, *Franion* a True Subject, *Pandosto* Treacherous his Babe innocent: and the King shall Dye without an Heir, if that which is lost be not found.

AS soon as they had taken out this Scrowl, the Priest of the God commanded them that they should not presume to read it before it came to the presence of Pandosto, unless they would incur the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian Lords carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the Priest, with great reverence departed out of the Temple, and went to their Ships: and as soon as wind would permit them, sailed towards Bohemia, where in short time they safely arrived, and with great Triumph issuing out of their Ships, went to the Kings Palace, whom they found in his Chamber accompanied with other Noblemen. Pandosto no sooner saw them, but with a merry Countenance he welcomed them home, asking them what news? They told his Majesty, that they had received answer of the God, written in a Scrowl; but with this charge, that they should not read the Contents before they came in the presence of the King; and with that they delivered him the Parchment. But his Noblemen intreated him, that sith therein was contained either the safety of his wives Life and Honesty; or her perpetual Death and Infamy; that he would have his Nobles and Commons assembled in the judgment Hall, where the Queen (brought in as a Prisoner) should hear the Contents: If she were found guilty by the Oracle of the God, then all should have cause to think his Rigour proceeded of due desert; if her Grace were found faultless, then she should be cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the King, so that he appointed the day, and assembled all the Lords and Commons, and caused the Queen to be brought in before the Judgment Seat, Commanding that the Indictment should be read: Wherein she was accused of Adultery with Egistus, and of Conspiracy with Franion: Bellaria hearing the Contents, was no whit astonished, but made this chearful Answer:

IF the Divine Powers are privy to humane actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience will make Fortune bluſh, and my unſpotted life ſhall ſtain ſpightful diſcredit. For although lying report hath ſought to impeach mine honour, and ſuſpition hath intended to ſpoil my credit with infamy; yet where vertue keepeth the Fort, Report and Suſpition may aſſail, but never ſack. How I have led my life before Egiſtus coming, I appeal (Pandoſto) to the Gods, and to thy Conſcience. What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveal. That I loved Egiſtus I cannot deny; that I honoured him I ſhame not to confeſs. To the one I was forced by his Vertue, to the other for his Dignities. But as touching laſcivious Luſt. I ſay, Egiſtus is honeſt, and hope my ſelf to be found without ſpot. For Franion I can neither accuſe him, nor excuſe him, I was not privy to his departure: And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer my ſelf to the Divine Oracle.

BEllaria had no ſooner ſaid, but the King commanded that one of the Dukes ſhould read the Contents of the Scrowl, which after his Command having heard, they gave a great ſhout, rejoycing and clapping their hands, that the Queen was clear of that falſe Acculation. But the King, whoſe Conſcience was a witneſs againſt him of his witleſs fury, and falſe ſuſpected jealouſie, was ſo aſhamed of his raſh folly, that intreated his Nobles to perſwade Bellaria to forgive and forget thoſe injurious, promiſing not only to ſhew himſelf a Loyal and loving Husband, but alſo to reconcile himſelf to Egiſtus and Franion: revealing then before them all, the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how treacherouſly he thought to have pactiſed his Death, if the good mind of his Cup-bearer had not prevented his purpoſe. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his young Son Garinter was ſuddenly dead: which news, as ſoon as Bellaria heard, ſurcharged before with extream joy, and now ſuppreſſed with heavy ſorrow, her vital Spirits were ſtopped that ſhe fell down preſently dead, and never could be revived. This ſudden ſight ſo appealed the Kings ſenſes, that he ſunk from his ſeat in a ſwound, ſo as he was fain to be carried by his Nobles to his

Palace

Palace, where he lay for the space of three dayes without Speech. His Commons were as men in despair, so diverslly distressed, that there was nothing but Mourning and Lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia: there young Prince Dead, their vertuous Queen bereaved of her life, and their King and Soveraign in great hazard. This tragical discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadows, not men: yet somewhat to comfort their heavy hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himself and had recovered his speech; who, as in fury brayed forth these bitter Speeches.

O Miserable Pandosto! What surer Witness than Conscience? what thoughts more sowre than Suspition? What Plague more bad then Jealousie; unnatural Actions offend the Gods more than men, and causeless cruelty never escapes without revenge. I have commited such a bloody Fact as Repent I may, but recal I cannot. Ah Jealousie! a Hell is the Mind, and a horror to the Conscience, suppressing reason, and melting rage: a worse passion than Frenzy, a greater Plague than Madness. Are the Gods just? then let them revenge such brutish cruelty: my innocent Babe I have drowned in the Seas, my loving Wife I have slain with slanderous Suspition, my Truly Friend I have sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slack to Plague such offence. Ah just Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath commited the fault; why should Garinter (silly Child) abide the pain? Well! sith the Gods mean to prolong her days, to increase my dolour, I will offer my guilty Blood a Sacrifice to those Guiltless Souls, whose lives are lost by rigorious folly: and with that he reached at a Rapier to have murthered himself; but his Peers being present, staied him from such a bloody Act; perswading him to think that the common-wealth consisteth on his safety, and that those sheep could not but perish that wanted a Shepherd: wishing, that if he would not live for himself, yet he should have a care of his Subjects; and to put such fancies out of his mind, sith in Sores past help, Salves do not heal, but hurt; and in things past Cure, Cure is acorosive. With these and such like perswasions, the King was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his mind: so that as soon as he could goe abroad, he caused his Wife to be imbalmed,

and

and wrapt in Lead with her young Son Garinrer: Erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein he entombed them both: making ſuch Solemn Obſequies at her Funeral, as all Bohemia might well perceive he did greatly repent him of his fore-paſt Folly; cauſing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tomb in Letters of Gold.

The Epitaph.

Here lyes Entomb'd *Bellaria* fair,
Falſly accus'd to be Unchaſt:
Cleai'd by *Apollo*'s Sacred Doom.
Yet ſlain by Jealouſie at laſt.

What e're thou be that paſſeſt by,
Curſe him that caus'd this Queen to dy.

THis Epitaph being Engraven, Pandoſto would once a day repair to the Tomb, and there with watry Plants bewail his misfortune; coveting no other Company but Sorrow; and no other Harmony but Repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous paſſions, at laſt let us come to ſhew the Tragical Diſcourſe of the young Infant.

WHo being toſſed with wind and waves floated two whole dayes without ſuccour, ready at every puff to be drowned in the Sea; till at the laſt the Tempeſt ſeaſed, and the little Boat was driven with the Tyde unto the Coaſt of Sicilia, where ſticking upon the Sands, it reſted. Fortune minding to be wanton (willing to ſhew that as ſhe hath wrincles on her Brows, ſo ſhe hath dimples in her Cheeks) thought after on many ſowre looks to ſend a feigned ſmile; and after a puffing ſtorm, to bring a pretty calm, ſhe began thus daily, It fortuned a poor mercenary Shepherd that dwelled in Sicilia, who got his living by other mens Flocks, miſſed one of his Sheep, and thinking it had ſtrayed into the Covert that was hard by ſought very diligently to find that which he could not ſee, fearing either that the Wolves

or

or Eagles had undone him (for he was so poor, as a sheep was half his substance) wandred down towards the Sea-clifts, to see if perchance the Sheep was browzing on the Sea-Ivy, whereupon they do gently feed. But not finding it there, as he was ready to return to his Flock, he heard a Child cry; but knowing there was no House near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore loking more narrowly as he cast his Eyes to the Sea, he espied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively listened) he might hear a cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the Boat; as he loked in, he saw a little Babe, lying all alone, ready to dye for hunger and cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly Embroydered with Gold, and having a Chain about her neck. The shepherd who had never before seen so fair a Babe, nor so rich Jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little God, and began with great Devotion to knock on his Breast. The Babe who writhed with her head to seek for the Pap, began again to cry afresh: whereby the poor man knew that it was a Child, which by some sinister means was driven thither by distress of Weather: marvelling why such a silly Infant, which by the Mantle and Chain could not but be born of Noble Parentage, should be hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poor Shepherd perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the Child, and determined with himself to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up according to the Worthiness of the Birth, for his ability could not afford to Foster it, though his mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his arms, he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the Cold, there fell down at his feet a very fair and rich Purse, wherein he found a great Sum of Gold, which sight so troubled th shepherds Spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with Fear; joyful to see such a Sum in his Power, Fearful, if it should be known, that it might breed his further danger. Necessity wisht him at the least to retain the Gold, though he would not keep the Child: the simplicity of his Conscience feared him from such a deceitful bribery. Thus was the poor man perplexed with a doubtful Dilemma, until at last the coveteousness of the Coyn overcame him; for what will not

the

the greedy deſire of Gold cauſe a Man to do? So that he was reſolved in himſelf to Foſter the Child; and with the ſumm to Relieve his want: Reſting thus reſolved in this point, he left ſeeking the Sheep, and as covertly, and as ſecretly as he could, went a by-way home to his houſe, leaſt any of his Neighbours ſhould perceive his carriage. As ſoon as he was come home, entring in at the door, the Child began to cry, which his Wife hearing, and perceiving her Husband with a young Babe in his Arms, began to be ſomewhat Jealous; yet marvelled her Husband ſhould be ſo wanton abroad, ſith he was ſo quiet at home: But as Women are naturally given to believe the worſt; ſo his Wife thinking it was ſome Baſtard, began to crow againſt the Good-man, and taking up a Cudgel (for the moſt Maſter went Breechleſs) Swore ſolemnly that ſhe would make Clubs Trump, if he brought any Baſtard-Brat within her Door: The Good-man ſeeing his Wife in her Majeſty, with her Mace in her hand, thought it was time to bow, for fear of blows, and deſired her to be quiet, for there was no ſuch matter, but if ſhe could hold her peace, they were made for ever; and thereupon he preſently told her the whole matter, how he had found the Child in a little Boat, without any ſuccour, wrapped up in that coſtly Mantle, and having the Rich Chain about her Neck; but at laſt when he ſhewed her the Purſe full of Gold, ſhe began to ſimper ſomewhat ſweetly, and taking her Husband about his Neck, kiſſed him after her homely faſhion, ſaying, That ſhe hoped God had ſeen their want, and now meant to relieve their Poverty; and ſeeing they could get no Children, had ſent them this little Babe to be their Heir. Take heed in any caſe (ſaid the Shepheard) that you be ſecret, and not blab it out when you meet with your Goſſips, for if you do, we are like not onely to loſe the Gold and Jewels, but our other Goods, and perhaps our Lives: Tuſh (quoth his wife) Profit is a good hatch before the door; fear not, I have divers other things to talk of then this, but I pray you let us lay up the money ſurely and the Jewels, leſt by any miſhap it be eſpyed. After that they had ſet all things in order, the Shepherd went to his Sheep, with a merry Note, and the good wife learned to ſing Lullaby at home, with her young Babe wrapped in a homely Blanket inſtead of a Rich and coſtly Mantle, nouriſhing it ſo cleanly and carefully as it began to be a jolly Girl inſomuch that they began both of them

to be very fond of it: and as it wared in age, so it encreased in beauty: The Shepherd every night at his coming home, would sing and dance it upon his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speak, and call him Dad, and her Mam. At last, when it grew to riper Years, that it was about seven Years Old, the Shepherd left keeping of other mens Sheep, and with the mony he found in the Purse he bought him the Lease of a pretty Farm, and got a small Flock of Sheep: which when Fawnia (for so they named the Child) came to the age of ten Years, he set her to keep Sheep, and she with such diligence performed her charge, as the sheep prospered marvellously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had been her Father, and Mopsa her Mother, (who so was the Shepherd and his Wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with such Reverence, as all the neighbours praised the Dutyful obedience of the Child. Porrus grew in a short time to be a man of wealth and credit: For Fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchase Land; intending after his death to give it to his Daughter: so that divers rich Farmers Sons came as Wooers to his house. For Fawnia was something cleanly attired, being of such singular Beauty and excellent Wit, that who saw her would have thought she had been some Heavenly Nymph, and not a mortal Creature; Insomuch, that when she came to the Age of fifteen years, she so encreased with exquisite perfection both of Body and Mind, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was born of some high Parentage. But the People thinking she was the Daughter of a Shepherd; Porrus rested onely amazed at her Beauty and Wit. Yea, she won such favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her Beauty was not only praised in her Country, but also spoken of in the Court. Yet such was her submiss modesty, that although her praise daily encreased, her mind was no whit puffed up with Pride, but humbled her self as became a Country Maid and the Daughter of a poor Shepherd. Every day she went forth with her Sheep to the Field, keeping them with such care and diligence as all men saw she was very painful. She defended her face from the heat of the Sun with no other vail, but with a Garland made of Boughs and Flowers; Which Attire became her so gallantly, as she seemed to be the Goddess Flora her self for beauty.

Fortune

Fortune who all this while had ſhewed a friendly face, began now to turn her back, and to ſhew a lowring Countenance; intending as he had given Fawnia a ſlender check, ſo he would give her a harder mate. To bring which to paſs, ſhe laid her train out this wiſe: Egiſtus had but one only Son called Doraſtus: about the age of twenty years; a Prince ſo decked and adorned with the gifts of Nature, ſo fraught with beauty and vertuous Qualities, as not only his Father joyed to have ſo good a Son, but his Commons rejoyced that God had ſent them ſo Noble a Prince to ſucceed in the Kingdom. Egiſtus placing all his joy in the perfection of his Son (ſeeing that he was now Marriageable) ſent Ambaſſadors to the King of Denmark, to intreat a Marriage betweene him and his Daughter, Who willingly conſenting, made anſwer, That the next Spring, if it pleaſed Egiſtus with his Son to come into Denmark, he doubted not but they ſhould agree upon reaſonable conditions. Egiſtus reſting ſatisfied with this friendly anſwer, thought convenient in the mean time to break it unto his Son. Finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he ſpake to him in theſe Fatherly terms:

DOraſtus, Thy Youth warneth me to prevent the Word, and mine Age to prevent the beſt. Opportunities neglected are ſigns of Folly. Actions meaſured by Time are ſeldom bitten with Repentance. Thou art Young, and I old; Age hath taught me that which thy Youth cannot conceibe.

I therefore will adviſe thee as a Father, hoping thou wilt obey as a Child. Thou ſeeſt my white hairs are Bloſſoms for the Grave, and thy freſh colours, fruit for Time and Fortune: ſo that it behoveth me to think how to die, and for thee to care how to live. My Crown I muſt leave by Death; and thou enjoy my Kingdom by Succeſſion.

Wherein, I hope, Vertue and Prowels ſhall be ſuch, as though my Subjects wants my Perſon, yet ſhall ſee in thee my Perfection. That nothing may fail either to ſatisfie the Mind, or increaſe the Dignities, the only care I have, is to ſee thee well Married before I die, and thou become Old.

Dorastus (who from his Infancy delighted rather to die with Mars in the field, than to dally with Venus in the Chamber) fearing to displease his Father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this Reverend Answer:

SIR, There is no greater Bond than Duty, nor no stricter Law than Nature: Disobedient in Youth, is often galled with despight in Age. The Command of a Father ought to be a constraint to the Child: So Parents Wills are so much Laws that they pass all Laws: May it please your grace therefore to appoint whom I shall love, rather then by denial I should be impeached of disobedience, I rest content to love, though it be the only thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his Son to fly so far beyond the Mark, began to be somewhat cholerick, and therefore made him this Answer.

WHat Dorastus, canst thou not love? Cometh this Cynical passion of proud desire, or pævish Frowardness? What dost thou think think thy-self too good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter than Youth, nor swifter decreasing, but not recalled. If thou marry in Age, thy Wifes fresh colours will breed in thee dead thoughts, and suspition; and thy White hairs her loathsomness and sorrow. For Venus Affections are not fed with Kingdoms or Treasures, but with Youthful Conceits, and sweet Amours: Vulcan was allotted to shake the Tree, but Mars allowed to Reap the Fruit.

Yield (Dorastus) to thy Fathers perswasions, which may prevent thy perils, I have chosen thee a Wife, fair by Nature, Loyal by Birth, by Vertues Famous, Learned by Education, and Rich by Possessions: So that it is hard to judge, whether her Bounty or Fortune, her Beauty or Vertue be of greater Force; I mean (Dorastus) Euphania, Daughter and Heir to the King of Denmark.

Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his Son should make him answer, and seeing that he he stood still as one in a Trance, he took him up thus sharply.

Well

WEll (Doraſtus) take hæd, the Træ Alypta waſteth not with fire, but withereth with Dew, that which Love Nourisheth not, periſheth with Hate. If thou like Euphania thou hædeſt my content, and in loving her, thou ſhalt have my love; otherwiſe, thou ſhalt alwayes be a cauſe of very much diſcontent unto me. And with that he flung from his Son in a rage, leaving him a ſorrowful man, in that he had by denial diſpleaſed his Father: and half angry with himſelf, that he could not yeild to that paſſion, whereto both reaſon, and his Father perſwaded him. But ſee how Fortune is plumed with Times Feathers, and how ſhe can Miniſter ſtrange cauſes an hæd ſtrange effects.

It hapned not long after this, That there was a mæting of all the Shepherds Daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, who having attired her ſelf in her beſt Garments, went among the reſt of her Companions to a mery mæting: there ſpending the day in ſuch homely paſtimes as Shepherds uſe. As the Evening drew on, and their ſport ceaſed, each taking their leave of other, Fawnia deſiring one of her Companions to bear her company, went home by the Flock to ſee if they were folded. And as they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had bæn Hawking, and killing ſtore of Game) encountered by the way theſe two Maids, feating that with Acteon he had ſæn Diana; for he thought ſuch exquiſite perfection could not be found in any mortal Creature.

As thus he ſtood in a maze one of his Pages told him, that the Maid with the Garland on her head was Fawnia, that fair Shepherdeſs, whoſe Beauty was ſo much talked of in the Court, Doraſtus deſirous to ſee if Nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as ſhe had decked her Body with outward ſhape; began to Queſtion with her, whoſe Daughter ſhe was, of what age, and how ſhe had bæn trained up? who anſwered him with ſuch modeſt Reverence, and ſharpneſs of wit, that Doraſtus thought her outward Beauty was but a Counterfit to darken her inward qualities: Wondring how ſo Courtly Behaviour could be found in ſo ſimple a Cottage; and curſing Fortune, that had ſhadowed Wit and Beauty with ſuch

hard

hard Fortune. As thus he held her along time in that, beauty seeing him at a discover, thought not to lose the vantage, but struck him so deeply with an invenom'd Shaft, as he wholly lost his Liberty and became a Slave to Love, who before contemned Love; glad to gaze upon a poor Shepherdess, who before refused the offer of a rich Princess. For the perfection of Fawnia had so filled his Fancy, as he felt his mind greatly changed, and his affections altered: cursing Love that he had wrought such a Change, and blaming the baseness of his mind that would make such a choice. But thinking these were but passionate toyes that might be thrust out at pleasure: to avoid the Syren that inchanted him, he Spurs his Horse, and bad his fair Shepherdess farewel.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the Princely Gesture of Doraſtus) seeing his face so well featured, and each Limb so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection; commending him so long, tell she found her self faulty, and perceiving if she waded but a little further, she might slip over the shoes. She therefore seeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and feigned her self not well at ease, got her to bed; where calling a Thousand thoughts in her head, she could take no rest. For if she awaked, she began to call in mind his Beauty; and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleep, she then dreamed of his Perfection. Pestered with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as well as she could in short slumbers.

Doraſtus (who all this while rode with a Flea in his Ear, could not by any means forget the sweet Favour of Fawnia) but being so overcome with her Wit and Beauty, as he could take no Rest. He felt Fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind ready to yield as Vanquished, yet he began with divers Considerations to suppress his Frantick Affection; calling to mind, that Fawnia was but a Shepherdess; one not worthy to be looked at of a Prince, much less to be beloved of such a Potentate; Thinking what a discredit it were to himself, and what a grief it would be to his Father: blaming Fortune, and accusing his own Folly, that he should be so fond as but once cast a glance at such a Country Girl. And as

thus

thus he was raging againſt himſelf, Love (fearing if ſhe dallied long to loſe her Champion) ſtept more nigh, and gave him ſuch a freſh wound, as it pierced him to the heart, that he was fain to yeild, maugre his force, and to forſake the Company, and get him to his Chamber, where being ſolemnly ſet, he burſt into theſe paſſionate Terms.

AH Doraſtus! art thou alone? No not alone, while thou art tired with the unacquainted Paſſions. Yield to fancy thou canſt not, by thy Fathers counſel; but in a Frenzy thou art by juſt Deſtinies. Thy Father were content if thou couldſt love! and thou therefore diſcontent becauſe thou doſt love. O Divine Love? fear'd of Men, becauſe honoured of Gods: not to be ſuppreſſed by Wiſdom, becauſe not to be comprehended by Reaſon, without Law, and therefore above Love.

How then Doraſtus! Why doſt thou blaze that with Praiſes, which thou haſt cauſe to blaſpheme with curſes? Yet why ſhould they curſe Love, who are in Love.

Bluſh Doraſtus at thy Fortune, thy Choice, thy Love: Thy Thoughts cannot be uttered without ſhame, nor thy Affections without Diſcredit. Ah Fawnia! Sweet Fawnia! thy Beauty Fawnia.

Shameſt thou not Doraſtus, to name one unfit for thy Birth, thy Dignities, thy Kingdoms? Die Doraſtus Doraſtus die: Better had'ſt thou periſhe with high Deſires, then live in baſe Thoughts, Yea, but Beauty muſt be obeyed becauſe it is Beauty: Yet framed of the Gods to feed the Eye, not to fetter the Heart.

Ah, but he that ſtriveth againſt Love, ſhooteth with them of Scyrum againſt the Wind, and with the Cockatrice pæketh againſt the Steel. I will therefore obey, becauſe I muſt obey; Fawnia, yea Fawnia, ſhall be my Fortune in ſpight of Fortune: The Gods above diſdain not to love Women beneath. Phœbus liked Jupiter, Daphne, Jove; and why not I then Fawnia? One ſomething inferiour to theſe in Birth, but far ſuperiour to them in Beauty; born to be a Shepherdeſs, but worthy to be a Goddeſs.

Ah Doraſtus! Wilt thou forget thy ſelf, as to ſuffer Affection

to

to suppress Wisdom, and love violate thine Honour? How lowre will thy choice be to thy Father, sorrowful to thy Subjects, to thy Friends a grief, most gladsome to thy Foes? Subdue then thy affection, and cease to love her whom thou couldst not love, unless blinded with too much Love. Tush, I talk to the Wind, and in seeking to prevent the Causes, I further the Effects, I will yet praise Fawnia, honour, yea and love Fawnia, and at this day follow Content, not Counsel. Do Dorastus, thou canst repent; and with that the Page came into the chamber; whereupon he ceased from Complaints, hoping that time would wear out what Fortune had wrought.

As thus he was pained, so poor Fawnia was diverslie perplexed? for the next morning getting up very early, she went to her sheep: thinking with hard labours to pass away her newly conceived Amours, beginning very busily to drive them into the field, and then to shift the Folds. At last wearied with toyl, she sat her down, where (poor Soul!) she was more fired with fond affection: For Love began to assault her, insomuch, that as she sat upon the side of a Hill, she began to accuse her own folly in these terms:

INfortunate Fawnia, and therefore infortunate, because Fawnia; thy Shepherds Hook showeth thy poor estate; thy proud Desires, thy aspiring mind; the one declareth thy want, the other thy Pride. No Bastard Hawk must soar so high as the Hobby, no Fowl gaze against the Sun, but the Eagle: Actions wrought against Nature, reap dispute: thoughts above Fortune, disdain.

Fawnia, thou art a Shepherdess, Daughter to poor Porrus: if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand; if you climb, thou art like to fall. The Herb Anata growing higher than six inches, becometh a weed. Nilus flowing more then twelve Cubits, procureth a dearth. Daring affections that pass measure, are cut short by time or Fortune, Suppress then (Fawnia) those thoughts, which thou mayst shame to express. But ah Fawnia, Love is a Lord, who will command by Power, and constrain by force.

Dorastus

Doraſtus, ah Doraſtus is the man I love: the woꝛſe is thy hap, and the leſs cauſe thou haſt to hope. Will Eagles catch at flies? will Cedars ſtoop at Brambles; Oꝛ mighty Pꝛinces look at ſuch homely Truls? No, no, think this, Doraſtus's diſdain is gꝛeater then thy deſire. He is a Pꝛince reſpecting his honour; thou a Beggars Bꝛat forgetting thy calling: Ceaſe then not only to ſay, but to think to love Doraſtus, and diſſemble thy love Fawnia: foꝛ better it were to dye with gꝛief, then to live with ſhame. Yet in deſpight of love, I will ſigh to ſee if I can ſigh out love.

Fawnia, ſomewhat appeaſing her gꝛiefs with theſe pithy perſwaſions, began after her wonted manner, to walk about her ſheep, and to keep them from ſtraying into the coꝛn, ſuppꝛeſſing her affections with the due conſideration of her baſe Eſtate, and with the impoſſibilities of obtaining her deſire; thinking it were Fꝛenzy (not fancy) to covet that which the veꝛy Deſtines deny her to obtain.

But Doraſtus was moꝛe impatient in his paſſions: foꝛ Love ſo fiercely aſſailed him, that neither company noꝛ Muſick could mitigate his Maꝛtyꝛdome, but rather far the moꝛe increaſe the Malady. Some would not let him cꝛave Counſel in this caſe: noꝛ fear of his Fathers diſpleaſure reveal it to any ſecret friend, but he was fain to make a Secretary of himſelf, and to participate his thoughts with his own troubled Mind. Lingꝛing thus a while in doubtful ſuſpence, at laſt ſtealing ſecretly from the Court, without either Man oꝛ Page, he went to ſee if he could eſpy Fawnia walking abꝛoad in the Field. But as one having a gꝛeat deal moꝛe ſkill to retꝛive the Paꝛtꝛige with the Spaniels, then to hunt after ſuch a Pꝛey; he fought, but was little the better. Which cꝛoſs luck dꝛove him into a gꝛeat Choler, that he began to accuſe both Love and Foꝛtune: But as he was ꝛeady to ꝛetiꝛe, he ſaw Fawnia ſitting all alone under the ſide of a hill, making a Garland of ſuch homely Flowers as the Field did affoꝛd: This ſight ſo ꝛevived his Spiꝛits, that he dꝛew nigh with moꝛe judgment to take a view of her ſingular peꝛfection, which he found to be ſuch as in the Country Attiꝛe ſhe ſtained all the Couꝛtly Dames of Sicilia.

While thus he ſtood gazing, with pieꝛcing looks on her ſuꝛpaſſing Beauty, Fawnia caſt her Eye aſide, and eſpyed Doraſtus

Which sudden sight made the poor Girl to blush, and to dye her Christal Cheeks with the Vermilion red: Which gave her such a grace, as she seemed far more beautiful: and with that she rose up, saluting the Prince with such modest Curtesies, as he wondred how a Country Maid could afford such comely behaviour. Doratus repaying her Courtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parley with her in this manner.

FAir Maid (quoth he) either your want is great, or a Shepherds life is very sweet; that your delight is in such Country Labours I cannot conceive what pleasure you should take, unless you mean to imitate the Nymphs, being your self so like a Nymph: To put me out of this doubt shew me what is to be commended in a Shepherds life, and what pleasure you have to countervail these drudging Labours? Fawnia with blushing face made him this Answer.

SIR what richer state than content? Or what sweeter life than quiet: We Sheperds are not born to Honour, nor beholding unto Beauty, the less care have we to fear Fame or Fortune, We count our Attire have enough, if warm enough; and our Food dainty, if to suffice Nature, Our greatest Enemy is the Wolf, our onely care is safe keeping our flock: instead of Court: ly Dities, we spend the dayes with Country Songs, our Amorous Conceits are homely thoughts; delighting as much to talk of Pan, and his Country pranks, as Ladies to tell of Venus, and her wanton toyes, Our toyl is in shifting our Folds, and loking Pleasures; our greatest wealth, not to covet; our honour, not to climb; our quiet not to care: Envy loketh not so low as Shepherds; Shepherds gaze not so high as Ambition; We are rich, in that we are poor with content; and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud.

THis witty Answer of Fawnia, so inflamed Doratus Fancy, that he commended himself for making so good a Choice: thinking if her Birth were answerable to her Wit and Beauty, that she were a fit Mate for the most Famous Prince in the

the World. He therefore began to ſift her more narrowly on this manner.

FAwnia, I ſee thou art content with Country labaurs, becauſe thou knoweſt not Courtly pleaſures: I commend thy wit, and pitty thy want. But wilt thou forſake thy Fathers Cottage, to ſerve a Courtly Miſtreſs?

Sir (quoth ſhe) Beggars ought not to ſtrive againſt fortune, nor to gaze againſt honour, leaſt either their fall be greater, or they become blind. I am born to toyle for the Court, not in the Court; my Name unfit for their Nature: better live in mean degree, then in high diſdain.

Well ſaid Fawnia (quoth Doraſtus) I gueſs at thy thoughts, thou art in love, with ſome Country Shepherd.

No Sir (quoth ſhe) Shepherds cannot love, that are ſo ſimple, and Maids may not love that are ſo youug.

May therefore (quoth Doraſtus) Maids muſt love, becauſe they are young: for Cupid is a Child, and Venus though old, is painted with freſh Colours.

I grant (ſaid ſhe) Age muſt be painted with new ſhadows, and youth muſt have imperfect affections: but what are concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in another. Doraſtus ſeeing Fawnia hold him ſo hard, thought to have given her a freſh charge; but he was ſo prevented by certain of his men, who miſſing their Maſter, came poſting to ſeek him, ſeeing that he was gone forth all alone; yet before they drew ſo nigh that they might hear their talk, heuſed theſe ſpeeches.

Why Fawnia, prehaps I love thee, and then thou muſt needs yeild: for thou knoweſt I can command and conſtrain, Tuſh Sir, (quoth ſhe but not to love; for conſtrained Love is force, not Love. And know this Sir, mine honeſty is ſuch, as I had rather dye, then be a Concubine even unto a King, and my Birth is ſo baſe as I am unfit to be a Wife unto a poor Farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canſt not love Doraſtus. Yes, ſaid Fawnia, when Doraſtus becomes a Shepherd. And with that the preſence of his men broke off their parly, ſo that he went with them to the place and left Fawnia ſitting ſtill on the hill ſide; who ſeeing that the night grew on, ſhifted her folds, and buſied her ſelf about

other work, to drive away such fond Fancies as began to trouble her brain. But all this could not prevail, for the Beauty of Dorastus had made such a deep impression in her heart, as could not be worn out with a small matter; So that she was fain to blame her own folly in this Case.

AH Fawnia! Why dost thou gaze against the Sun, or catch at the Wind? Stars are to be looked at with the Eye, not reached at with the hand: Thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires: Falls come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. What then, shall all fear to fall, because some hap to fall? No luck cometh by Lot, and fortune windeth those Threads which the Destinies spin,

Thou art favoured Fawnia of a Prince; and yet thou art so fond to reject desired Favours. Thou hast denial at thy tongues end, and desire at thy hearts bottom. A Womans fault, to spurn at that with her Foot, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand: Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia: and yet seemest to lowre. Take heed, if he retire, thou wilt repent: For unless he love, thou canst but dye. Dye then Fawnia, for Dorastus doth but jest. The Lyon never preyeth on the Mouse, nor do Faulcons stoop to dead stales: Sit down then in this sorrow: cease to love, and content thy self, that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia.

High hoe! Oh Fool, it were seemliar for thee to whistle as a Shepherd, than to sigh as a Lover, And with that she ceased from these perplexed Passions, folding her Sheep and hying home to her poor Cottage. But such was the constant sorrow of Dorastus, to think on the wit and beauty of Fawnia, and to see how fond he was, being a Prince and how forward she was, being a Begger, that he began to lose his wonted appetite, to look pale and wan; instead of mirth, he fed on melancholly; for Courtly Dances, he used cold Dumps; Insomuch, that not only his own men, but his Father and all the Court began to marvel at his sudden change, thinking that some lingring sickness had brought him in this state: Wherefore he caused Physicians to come. But Dorastus neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his Urine; but remained still so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in him-

himſelf a further inconvenience. His Honour wiſhed him to ceaſe from ſuch idle Fancies; but Love forced him more to follow Fancy; yea, and in diſpight of Honour, love won the Conqueſt; ſo that his hot deſires, cauſed him to find new Services: For he preſently made himſelf a Shepherds Coat, that he might go unknown, and with leſs Suſpition, to prattle with Fawnia, and conveyed it very ſecretly unto a thick Grove, hard adjoyning unto the Pallace, whither finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely Apparel, got on thoſe Shepherds Robes, and taking a great Hook in his hand, (which he alſo had gotten) went very demurely to find out the Miſtris of his affection. But as he was going along, and ſeeing himſelf clad in ſuch un-becomming and unſeemly Rags, he began to ſmile at his own folly, and to reprove his fondneſs in theſe terms.

WEll, ſaid Doraſtus, thou keepeſt a good Decorum; baſe deſires, and homely Attires; thy thoughts are fit for none but a Shepherd, and thy Apparel ſuch as onely becomes a Shepherd. A ſtrange change, from a Prince to a Peaſant! What, is it thy wretched Fortune, or wilful Folly, is it thy curſed Deſtinies, or thy crooked Deſires, that appoint thee this Pennance, Ah Doraſtus! thou canſt but love, and unleſs thou love, thou art like to periſh for love. Yet fond Fool, chuſe Flowers not Weeds; Diamonds, not Pibbles; Ladies which may honour thee, not Shepherds which may diſgrace thee. Venus is painted in Silks not in Raggs; and Cupid treadeth on Diſdain, when he reacheth at Dignity. And yet, Doraſtus, Shame not at thy Shepherds Weed; the Heavenly Gods have ſometimes Earthly Thoughts: Neptune became a Ram; Jupiter a Bull: Apollo a Shepherd; they Gods, and yet in Love; and thou appointed to love

Deviſing this with himſelf, he drew nigh to the place where his Beloved Fawnia was keeping her Sheep, who caſting her Eye aſide, and ſeeing ſuch a mannerly Shepherd, perfectly Limned, and comming with ſo great a pace, ſhe began half to forget Doraſtus, and to favour her pritty Shepheard, whom ſhe did imagine ſhe might both love and obtain: But as ſhe was ruminating upon theſe thoughts; ſhe perceived then it was the Young Prince

Doraſtus,

Dorastus; wherefore she rose up, and reverently saluted him, Dorastus taking her by the hand, repayed her Courtesie with a sweet kiss; and praying her to sit down by him, he began thus to lay the battery.

IF thou marvel, Fawnia, at my strang Attire, thou wouldst more muse at my unaccustomed thoughts: the one disgraceth but my outward shape, the other disturbeth my inward Senses: I love Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh, I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt performe no less: I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst not but grant my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus, when he craft to be a Prince, and became a shepherd; and see, I have made a change, and therefore not to miss of my choice.

TRuth, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear Cowls are not Monks, painted Eagles are pictures, not Eagles; Zeuxis Grapes were like Grapes, yet shadows; rich Cloathing makes not Princes, nor homely Attire Beggars: Shepherds are not called Shepherds, because they were Hooks and Bags, but they are born poor, and live to keep sheep: so this Attire hath not made Dorastus a Shepherd, but to seem like a Shepherd.

WEll Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a Shepherd, I could not but love thee; being a Prince, I am forced to love thee, Take heed, Fawnia, be not proud of beauties painting: for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossom. Those which disdain in youth, are despised in age. Beauties shadows are trick'd up with Times Colours, which being set to dry in the Sun, are stained with the Sun, scarce pleasing to the sight e're they begin to be worth the sight: Not much unlike the Herb Ephimeron, which flourisheth in the morning, and is withered before the Sun setting. If my desire were against love, thou mightest justly deny me my Reason: but I love thee Fawnia, not to misuse thee, as a Concubine, but to use thee as my Wife; I can promise no more, and mean to performe no less.

Fawnia hearing this Solemn Protestation of Dorastus, could no

no longer withſtand the aſſault, but yielded up the Fort in theſe friendly Terms:

AH Doraſtus! I ſhame to expreſs, that thou forceſt me with thy ſugered ſpeech to confeſs: my baſe birth cauſeth the one, and thy high Dignities the other, Beggars thoughts ought not to reach ſo far as Kings, and yet my Deſires reach as high as Princes, I dare not ſay, Doraſtus, I love thee? becauſe I am a Shepherdes: But the Gods know I have honoured Doraſtus, (pardon if I ſay amiſs) yea and love Doraſtus with ſuch dutiful affection which Fawnia can perform or Doraſtus deſire: I yield not, overcome with prayers, but with Love: reſting Doraſtus Handmaid, ready to obey his will, if no prejudice at all to his Honour, nor my Credit.

DOraſtus hearing this kindly Concluſion of Fawnia, embraced her in his Armes, ſwearing, that neither Diſtance Time, nor adverſe Fortune, ſhould diminiſh his Affection; but that in deſpite of Deſtinies he would remain faithful to Death.

Having thus plight their Troth each to the other, ſeeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia, for that Egiſtus conſent would never be granted to ſo mean a match: Doraſtus determined, as ſoon as the time and opportunity would give him leave to provide a great maſs of mony, and many rich and coſtly Jewels for the eaſier carriage, and then to tranſport themſelves and their treaſure into Italy, where they ſhould lead a contented life, until ſuch time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or elſe by ſucceſſion come to the Kingdom.

This device was greatly pleaſed of Fawnia, for ſhe feared, if the King his Father ſhould but hear of the Contract, that his Fury would be ſuch as no leſs then Death ſhould ſtand for payment. She therefore told him that delay bread danger: That many miſhaps did fall out betwæn the cup and the lip; and that to avoid danger, it were beſt with as much ſpæd as might be to paſs out of Sicilia, leſt fortune might prevent their patience

with some new despight. Dorastus, whom love pricked forward with desire, promised to dispatch his Affairs with as great hast, as either time or opportunity would give him leave: and so resting upon this point, after many embracings and sweet kisses they departed.

Dorastus having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia, went to the Grove, where he had rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, binding up his Shepherds attire till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the Pallace, shewing by his merry Countenance; that either the state of his body was amended, or the cause of his mind greatly addressed. Fawnia, poor soule was no less joyful, that being a Shepherdess, Fortune had favoured her so, as to reward her with the love of a Prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poor farmer, to be wife to a rich King. So that she thought every hour a year, till by there departure, they might prevent danger; not ceasing still to go every day to her sheep, not so much for the care of the flock, as for the desire she had to see her Love and Lord

Dorastus, who oftentimes when opportunity would serve, repaired thither to feed his Fancy with the sweet content of Fawnia's presence. And although he never went to visit her, but in his Shepherds Attire, yet his oft repair made him not only suspected, but known to divers of their Neighbours, who for the good will they bare to old Porrus, told him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keep his Daughter at home, lest she went so long to the field that she brought him home a young Son: for they feared that Fawnia being so beautiful, the young Prince would allure her to folly.

Porrus was stricken in a dump at this news, so that thanking his neighbours for their good will he hied him home to his Wife, and calling her aside, and wringing his hands, and shedding forth tears, he break the matter to her in these terms;

I Am afraid, Wife, that my Daughter Fawnia hath been too forward, and made her self to sin, and that she will buy Repentance at too dear a Rate, I have news, which if it be true

true: some will wish it had not been proved true. It is told me by neighbours, that Doraſtus the Kings Son, begins to look at our Daughter Fawnia: which if it be so, I will not give her a halfpeny for her honesty at the years end. I tell thee Wife, now adays beauty is a great stale to trap Young men, and fair words and sweet promises are two great enemies to maids honesty: and thou knowest, where the poor intreat and cannot obtain, there Princes may command, and will obtain. Though Kings sons dance in Nets, yet they may be seen: and poor mens faults are espied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where Kings lusts are Laws, and that they should bind poor men to that which they themselves willfully break.

Peace Husband (quoth his Wife) take heed what you say: Speak no more than you should, lest you here what you would not. Great Streams are to be stopped by slight, not by force: and Princes to be perswaded by submission, not by rigour. Do what you can, but no more than you may, lest by saving Fawnia's Maiden-head, you lose your own head.

Take heed, I say it is ill jesting with edg'd tools, and bad sporting with Kings. The Wolf had his skin pulled over his ears for looking into the Lyons Den

Tush Wife (quoth he) thou speakest like a fool: if the King should know that Doraſtus had gotten our Daughter with Child (as I fear it will fall out little better) the Kings fury would be such, as no doubt but we should both lose our goods and lives: Necessity therefore hath no Law, and I will prevent this mischief with a new device that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the King, nor displease Doraſtus. I mean to take the Chain and Jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carry them to the King, letting him then to understand, how she is none of my Daughter, but I found her beaten up with the water alone in a little Boat, wrapped in a rich Mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By which means I hope the King will take Fawnia into his service, and we whatsoever chance, shall be blameless,

This devise pleased the good Wife very well, so that they determined as soon as they might know the King at leasure, to make him privy to this case.

In the mean time, Dorastus was not slack in his affairs, but plied his matters with such diligence that he provided all things fit for their journey. Treasures and Jewels he had gotten great store, thinking their was no better Frind then Money in a strange Country. Rich Attire he had provided for Fawnia; and because he could not bring the matter to pass without the help and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his, called Capino, who had served him from his Child-hood privy to his affairs; who seeing no perswasions could prevail, to divert him from his settled Determination, gave his consent; and dealt so secretly in the Cause, that within short space he had gotten a Ship ready for their passage.

The Mariners seeing a fit Gale of Wind for thrir purpose, wished Capino to make no delays, lest if they pretermetted this good weather, they might stay long ere they had such a fair Wind. Capino fearing that his negligence should hinder their Journey, in the night time conveyed the Trunks full of Treasure into the Ship, and by secret means, let Fawnia understand, that the next morning they meant to depart. She upon the news slept very little that night, but got her up very early, and went to her Sheep, loking every minute when she should see Dorastus; who tarried not long, for fear delay might breed danger; but as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance, took Fawnia up behind him, and rode to the Haven where the Ship lay, which was three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there, but the Mariners were ready with their Cock-boat to set them aboard, where being couch'd together in a Cabin, they passed away the time in recounting their old Love, till their man Capnio could come,

Porrus, who had heard that Morning the King would go abroad to take the Air, called in hast to his Wife, to bring him his Holy-day Hose, and his best Jacket: that he might go like an honest substantial man, to tell his Tale. His Wife (a good cleanly Wench) brought him all things fit, and sponged him up very handsomely, giving him the Chain and Jewels in a little Box, which Porrus for the more safety, put in his Bosome. Having thus his Trinkets in a readiness, taking his Staff in his hand, he bade his Wife kiss him for good luck, and

so

ſo he went towards the Palace. But as he was going, Fortune (who meant to ſhew him a little falſe play) prevented his purpoſe in this wiſe.

He met by chance in his way Capnio, who trudging as faſt as he could, with a little Coffer under his Arm, to the Ship, and ſpying Porrus whom he new to be Fawnia's Father, going towards the Pallace; being a wild Fellow began to doubt the worſt, and therefore croſt him the way, and aſked him whither he was going ſo early in the morning?

Porrus (who knew by his Face that he was one of the Court) meaning ſimply, told him, that the Kings Son Doraſtus dealt hardly with him, for he had but one Daughter, who was a little beautiful, and that his Neighbour told him the young Prince had allured her to Folly; he went therefore now to complain to the King how greatly he was abuſed.

Capnio (who ſtreight way knew the whole matter) began to ſooth him in his talk, and ſaid that Doraſtus dealt not like a Prince, to ſpoile any poor mans Daughter in that ſort; he therefore would do the beſt for him he could, becauſe he knew he was an honeſt Man. But (quoth Capnio) you loſe your labour in going to the Palace, for the King meanes this day to take the Air on the Sea, and to go aboard of a Ship that lies in the Haven: I am going before you ſee, to provide all things in a readineſs: And if you will follow my counſel, turn back with me to the Haven where I will ſet you in ſuch a fit place, as you may ſpeak to the King at your pleaſure. Porrus giving credit to Capnio's ſmooth tale; gave him a thouſand thanks for his friendly Advice, and went with him to the Haven, making all the way his complaint of Doraſtus; yet concealing ſecretly the Chain and the Jewels. As ſoon as they were come to the Sea-ſide the Mariners ſeeing Capnio, came to Land with their Cock-boat, who ſtill diſſembling the matter, demanding of Porrus, if he would ſee the Ship, who unwilling, and fearing the worſt, becauſe he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made this excuſe, That he could not brook the Seas, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio ſeeing that by fair means he could not get him aboard, Commanded the Mariners, that by Violence they

should carry him into the Ship, who like sturdy Knaves hoisted the poor Shepherd on their necks, and bearing him to the Boat, launched from the Land.

Porrus seeing himself so cunningly betrayed, durst not cry out for he saw it would not prevail: but began to intreat Capnio, and the Mariners to be good to him, and to pitty his estate, he was but a poor man that lived by his labour. They laughing to see the Shepherd so afraid, made as much hast as they could to set him aboard Porrus was no sooner in the Ship, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia, yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired her self in rich Apparel, which so increased her Beauty; that she resembled rather an Angel, then a mortal Creature.

Dorastus and Fawnia were half astonished to see the Shepherd, marvelling greatly what wind had brought him hither, till Capnio told them all the whole discourse, how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King. if by policy he had not prevented him: and therefore now sith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger, it were best to carry him into Italy.

Dorastus praised greatly his mans device, and allowed of his counsel: but Fawnia (who still feared Porrus as her Father) began to blush for shame, that by her means he should incur danger or displeasure.

The old Shepherd hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sudden be carried from his Wife, his Country, and Kinsfolk, into a Forraign Land amongst Strangers, began with bitter tears to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreat Dorastus, that pardoning his unadvised folly he would give him leave to go home; swearing that he would keep all things as secret as he could wish. But these protestations could not prevail, although Fawnia intreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the Marriners hoisted their Sails, weighed Anchors, haled in the deep, where we leave them to the succour of the Wind and Seas, and return to Egistus,

Who having appointed this Day to Hunt in one of his Forrests, called for his Son Dorastus, to go sport himself, because

becauſe he ſaw that of late he began to lowze: but his man made anſwer, that he was abroad none knew whether, except he was gone to the Grove, to walk all alone, as his cuſtome was every day.

The King willing to awaken him out of his dumps, ſent one of his men to go ſeek him; but in vain, for at laſt he returned, but find him he could not, ſo that the King went himſelf to go ſee the ſport; where paſſing away the day, returning at night from hunting, he asked for his Son, but he could not be heard of, which drove the King into a great coller: whereupon, moſt of his Noblemen, and other Courtiers poſted abroad to ſeek him, but they could not hear of him through all Sicilia; only they miſſed Capnio his man, which again made the King ſuſpect that he was not gone far.

Two or three dayes being paſſed, and no news heard of Doraſtus, Egiſtus being fearful that he was devoured of ſome Wild Beaſts, commanded that a great Troop of men ſhould go ſeek him, who coaſted through all the Country, and ſearched in every dangerous and ſecret place, until at laſt they met with a Fiſherman, that was ſitting in a little Covert hard by the Sea ſide, mending his Nets, when Doraſtus and Fawnia took ſhipping; who being examined if he either knew or heard where the Kings Son was, without any excuſe at all, revealed the whole matter, how he was ſailed two dayes paſt, and had in his company his Man Capnio, Porrus, and his fair Daughter Fawnia.

This heavy news was preſently carried to the King, who half dead for ſorrow, commanded Porrus's wife to be ſent for: ſhe being come to the Palace, after due examinition, confeſſed that her Neighbours had oft told her, that the Kings Son was too familiar with Fawnia her Daughter: whereupon the Husband fearing the worſt about two dayes paſt (hearing the King ſhould go a hunting, roſe early in the morning, and went to make his complaint) but ſince ſhe neither heard of him, nor ſaw him.

Egiſtus perceiving the womans unfeigned ſimplicity, let her depart without incurring further diſpleaſure, conceiving ſuch ſecret grief for his Sons wretleſs folly, that he had ſo forgotten his Honour and Parentage, by ſo baſe a Choice to diſhonour his Father

Father and discredit himself, that with very care and thoughts fell into a quartane Feaver; which was so unfit for his aged years and complexion, and he became so weak, as the Physitians would grant him no life.

But his Son Dorast is little regarded either Father, Country, or Kingdome, in respect of his Lady Fawnia: Fortune smiling on this young Novice, sent him so lucky a Gale of Wind, for the space of a day and a night, that the Mariners lay a sleep upon the Hatches: but the next morning about the break of day, the Air began to over-cast the Windes to rise, the Seas to swell; yea presently there arose such a fearful Tempest, as the Ship was in danger to be swallowed up in every Sea: the main Mast with the violence of the wind was thrown over-board, the Sails were torn, the tackling rended a sunder, the Storm raging still so furiously, that poor Fawnia was almost dead for fear, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The Tempest continned three dayes, all which time the Mariners every minute looked for Death: and the Air was so darkned with Clouds, that the Master could not tell by the Compass in what Coast they were. But upon the fourth day about ten of the Clock, the wind began to cease, the Sea was calm, and the sky to be clear, and the Mariners descried the Coast of Bohemia, shooting off their Ordinance for joy, that they had escaped such a fearful Tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some Harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bade her be of good cheer: when they told him that the Port belonged to the chief City of Bohemia, where Pandasto kept his Court, Dorastus began to be sad; knowing that his Father hated no man so much as Pandasto, and that the King himself had sought to betray Egistus: with this considered, he was half afraid to go on Land, but that Capnio counselled him to change his name, and his Country, until such time as they could get some other Bark to transport them into Italy: Dorastus liking this advice, made his care privy to the Mariners, rewarding them bountifully for their pains, and charging them to say, that he was a Gentleman of Trapolonia, called Meleagrus. The Shipmen willing to shew what Friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or he might wish;

wiſh; and upon this they landed in a little Village a mile diſtant from the City: where after they had reſted a day, thinking to make proviſion for their Marriage, the fame of Fawnia's Beauty was ſpread throughout all the City; ſo that it came to the ear of Pandoſto, who then being about the age of fifty, had not withſtanding young and freſh affections; ſo that he deſires greatly to ſee Fawnia: and to bring this matter the better to paſs, hearing they had but one man, and how they reſted at a very homely houſe, he cauſed them to be apprehended as Spies, and ſent twelve of his Guard to take them; who being come to their Lodging, told them the Kings Meſſage. Doraſtus, no whit diſmayed accompained with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the Court (for they left Porrus to keep the ſtuff) who being admitted to the Kings Preſence, Doraſtus and Fawnia with humble obeyſance ſaluted his Majeſty.

Pandoſto amazed at the ſingular perfection of Fawnia, ſtood half aſtoniſhid, viewing her Beauty, ſo that he almoſt forgot himſelf what he had to do? at laſt with ſtern Countenance he demanded their Names, and of what Country they were, and what cauſed them to Land in Bohemia? Sir, (quoth Doraſtus) know that my Name is Meleagrus, a Knight, born and brought up in Trapolonia; and this Gentlewoman whom I mean to take to my Wife, is an Italian, born in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cauſe I have ſo ſmall a Train with me, is for that her friends unwilling to conſent, I intended ſecretly to convey her into Trapolonia, whither I was ſailing, and by deſtreſs of weather, I was driven into theſe Coaſts. Thus you have heard my Name, my Country, and the cauſe of my Voyage. Pandoſto ſtarting from his Seat, as one in a Choller, made this rough Reply.

MEleagrus, I fear this ſmooth Talk hath but ſmall Truth, and that thou coveerſt a foul Skin with fair Paintings. No doubt, this Lady, by her Grace and Beauty, is of higher degree, more meet for a mighty Prince, then for a ſimple Knight, and thou like a perjured Traytor haſt bereft her Parents of her, to their preſent grief, and her enſuing Sorrow; therefore until I hear more of her Parentage, and of her Calling and Education

tion, and thou procure a Certificate out of Trapolonia of the truth of what thou hast related concerning thy self, I will stay you both here in Bohemia.

Dorallus, in whom rested nothing but Kingly valour, was not able to suffer the reproaches of Pandosto, but that he made him this Answer:

IT is not meet for a Knight without due proof, to reproach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon Suspition to infer belief; Strangers ought to be entertained with courtesie, not to be entreated with cruelty lest being forced by want, to put up injuries, lest the Gods revenge their cause with rigor. Pandosto hearing Dorallus utter these words, commanded that he should straight be commited to prison until such time as they heard further of his pleasure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the Court with such courtesie as belonged to a stranger and her calling; the rest of the shipmen were put in a dungeon.

Having thus so hardly handled the supposed Trapolonins; Pandosto; contrary to his aged years, began to be some-what tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, insomuch that he could take no rest but cast into his old head a thousand new devices: at last he fell into these thoughts.

HOw art thou disturbed (Pandosto) with fresh affections and unfit fancies, wishing to possess with an unwilling mind, and a hot desire, troubled with a cold disdain: shall thy mind yield in age, to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace Pandosto, blab not out that which thou mayest be ashamed to reveal thy self. Ah Fawnia is so beautiful, and it is not for thine honour (fond Fool) to name her that is thy Captive, and another mans Concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand, which my hart would fain refuse: playing like the Bird Ibis in Egypt, which hateth Serpents, yet feedeth on their Eggs.

Tush, hot desires turn oftentimes to cold disdain: Love is brittle, where Appetite, not Reason bears the sway: Kings thoughts ought to climb so high as the Heavens, but to look no lower then Honour: better it is to perk at the Stars with the young Eagle, then to prey on dead Carkasses with the Vulture,

true: it is more honourable for Pandoſto to dye by concealing love than to enjoy ſuch unfit love. Doth Pandoſto then love? yea whom? A Maid unknown, yea, and perhaps immodeſt, ſtraggled out of her own Country? Beautiful, but not therefore chaſt, comely in body, perhaps crooked in mind. Ceaſe then Pandoſto, to look at Fawnia, much leſs to love her: be not overtaken with a Womans beauty, whoſe eyes are framed by Art to enamour, whoſe heart is framed by Nature to inchant, whoſe falſe Tears know their due time, and whoſe ſweet words pierce deeper than Swords.

Here ceaſt Pandoſto from his talk, but not from his love: for although he ſought by reaſon and wisdom, to ſuppreſs this Frantick affection, yet he could take no reſt, the beauty of Fawnia had made ſuch a deep impreſſion in his heart. But on a day walking abroad into the Park (which was hard adjoyning to his houſe) he ſent by one of his Servants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered theſe words:

FAwnia, I commend thy beauty and Wit, and now pitty thy diſtreſs and want; but if thou wilt forſake Sir Meleagrus, (whoſe Poverty, though a Knight, is not able to maintain an Eſtate anſwerable to thy Beauty) and yield thy conſent to Pandoſto, I will increaſe thee both with Dignities and Riches. No Sir, anſwered Fawnia, Meleagrus is a Knight that hath won me by love, and none but he ſhall wear me; this ſiniſter miſchance ſhall not deminiſh my affections, but rather increaſe my good will; think not, though your Grace hath impriſoned him without cauſe, that fear ſhall make me yield my conſent. I had rather be Meleagrus his Wife, and a Begger, than live in plenty, and be Pandoſto's Concubine.

Pandoſto hearing the aſſured Anſwer of Fawnia, would notwithſtanding proſecute his Suit to the uttermoſt; ſeeking with fair Words and great Promiſes, to ſcale the Fort of her Chaſtity; ſwearing, that if ſhe would grant to his deſire, Meleagrus ſhould not only be ſet at liberty, but Honoured in the Court among the Nobles. But theſe alluring Baits could not entice her mind from the love of her new betroth-

ed Mate Meleagrus, which Pandosto seeing, he let her alone for that time, to consider more of the demand, Fawnia being alone by her self, began to fall into these Meditations;

AH unfortunate Fawnia, thou seest, to desire above Fortune, is to strive above the gods and fortune. Who gazeth at the Sun weakneth his sight; they which stare at the skie fall oft into deep pits: hadst thou rested content to have been a Shepherdess, thou needest not to have feared this chance: better had it been for thee by sitting low, to have had quiet, then by climbing high to have fallen into misery: but alas, I fear not mine own danger but Dorastus displeasure.

Ah sweet Dorastus thou art a Prince, but now a Prisoner, by too much love procuring thy own loss: hadst thou not loved Fawnia, thou hadst been fortunate; shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken Kingdoms for my sake; No, would my death might deliver him, so mine honour might be preserved: With that fetching a deep sigh, she ceased from her complaint, and went again to the Palace, enjoying a liberty without content, and prefered pleasure with small joy. But poor Dorastus lay all this while in a close Prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the burthen of cold and heavy Irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affections had procured him this mishap, that by the disobedience to his Parents he had wrought his own despite: another while curling the gods and fortune, that they would cross him with unlike chance; uttering at last his passions with these words:

AH unfortunate wretch, born to mishap, now thy folly hath it's desert; art thou not worthy for thy base mind to have bad fortune? Could the Destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine honour and Dignity? will not the gods plague him with despite that paineth his Father with disobedience? Oh gods, if any favour or Justice be left, plague me, but favour poor Fawnia, and throw her from the Tyrannies of wretched Pandosto: but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome death. Dorastus pained with these heavy passions, sorrowed and sighed, but in vain; for which he used more patience.

But

But again to Pandoſto, who broyling in the heat of unlawful Luſt, could take no reſt, but ſtill felt his mind diſquieted with his new love: ſo that his Nobles and Subjects marvelled greatly at his ſuddain alteration, not being able to conjecture the cauſe of this his continued care. Pandoſto thinking every hour a year till he had talked once again with Fawnia, ſent for her ſecretly into his Chamber, whither Fawnia though unwillingly coming, Pandoſto entertained her very courteouſly, uſing theſe familiar ſpeeches, which Fawnia anſwered as ſhortly in this wiſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia, art thou become leſs wilful, and more wiſe, to prefer the love of a King before the liking of a poor night? I think e're this you think it is better to be favoured of a King, then of a Subject.

Fawnia.

Pandoſto, The Body is ſubject to Victories, but the mind is not to be ſubdued with Conqueſt: Honeſty is to be preferred before Honours, and a Dram of Faith will weigh down a Tun of Gold. I have promiſed Meleagrus my Love, and will perform no leſs.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia. I know thou art not ſo unwiſe in thy choice, as to refuſe the love of a King, nor ſo ungrateful as to deſpiſe a good turne: thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou ſee'ſt I entreat: my power is ſuch, that I may compel by force, and yet I ſue by Prayers. Yield Fawnia, thy love to him, which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus ſhall be ſet free, thy Countreymen diſcharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.

I ſee Pandoſto, where Luſt ruleth it is a miſerable thing to be a Virgin, but know this, that I will alwaies prefer Fame before Life, and rather chuſe Death than Diſhonour.

Pandoſto ſeeing that in Fawnia there was a determinate Courage to love Meleagrus, and a reſolution without fear to hate him, flying away from her in a rage, he ſwore that if in a ſhort time ſhe would not be won by reaſon, he would forget all courteſie, and compel her to grant love by Rigour. But theſe threatning words no whit diſmayed Fawnia, but that ſhe ſtill both deſpighted

and dispite Pandosto. While thus these two Lovers strove, the one to win Love, the other to live in hate, Egistus heard certain News by Merchants of Bohemia, that his Son Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him fear greatly that his Son should be but hardly used; yet considering that Bellaria and he were cleared by the Oracle Apollo, from the time wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them, thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto, that he should set free his Son Dorastus, and put to Death Fawnia and her Father Porrus.

Finding this (by the advice of his Council) the speediest remedy to release his Son, he caused presently two of his Ships to be rigged, and throughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his Nobles, Embassadors into Bohemia, who willing to obey the King, and receive the young Prince, made no delay for fear of danger, but with as much speed as might be, sailed towards Bohemia; the Wind and the Sea favouring them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap, for within three days they were Landed.

Pandosto no sooner heard of their Arrival, but in Person he went to meet them, entertaining them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceive how sorry he was for the former injuries he had offered to their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends.

As Pandosto made report to them how one Meleagrus a Knight of Trapolonia, was lately arrived with a Lady called Fawnia, in his Land, coming very suspiciously, accompanied onely with one Servant and an old Shepherd; the Embassadors perceiving by the half, what the whole Tale meant, began to conjecture, that it was Dorastus, who for fear to be known, had changed his name, but dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the Court, where after they had been solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the Noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together, they made report of their Embassage: where they certified Pandosto, that Meleagrus was Son and Heir to the King Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; and how contrary to the Kings mind he had privily conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her, being Daughter to that poor Shepherd Porrus; Whereupon the Kings

request

request was, that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murthered and put to death, and that his Son Dorastus might be sent home in safety. Pandosto having attentively and with great marvel heard the Embassage, willingly to reconcile himself to Egistus, and to shew him how greatly he esteemed his favour, although love and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia; yet in despight of love he determined to execute Egistus will without mercy, and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of Prison, who marvelling at his unlooked for courtesie, found at his coming to the Kings presence that which he last dreamt of, his Fathers Embassadors: who no sooner saw him, but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandosto embracing Dorastus, set him by him very lovingly in a Chair of State, Dorastus ashamed that his folly was bewrayed, sate a long time as one in a maze, till Pandosto told him the sum of his Fathers Embassage; which he had no sooner heard but he was touched to the quick, for the cruel sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia, but neither could his sorrow nor perswasion prevail, for Pandosto commanded, that Fawnia, Porrus, Capnio, should be brought to his presence: who were no sooner come, but Pandosto having his former love turned into disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these terms:

Thou disdainful Vassal, thou turrish Kite, assigned by the Destinies to base Fortune, and yet with an aspiring mind gazing after honour: How durst thou presume, being a Beggar, to match with a Prince? By thy alluring looks to Inchant the Son of a King to leave his own Country, to fulfill thy disordinate Lusts? O despightful mind! A proud heart in a Beggar is not unlike a great fire in a small Cottage, which warmeth not the House, but burneth it: assure thy self thou shalt dye; and thou old doting fool whose folly hath been such, as to suffer thy Daughter to reach above thy fortune, look for no other meed, but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou that hast betrayed the King, and hast consented to the unlawful Lust of thy Lord and Master, I know not how justly I may plague thee; death is too easie a punishment for thy falshood, and to live (if not in extream misery) were not to shew thee equity. I therefore award

that

than thou shalt have thine eyes put out, and continually till thou dost, grind in a Mill like a brute Beast.

The fear of death brought a sorrowful silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus seeing no hope of life, burst forth in these Speeches:

PAndosto, and ye Noble Embassadors of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to dye, I am yet glad I have opportunity to disburden my Conscience before my death: I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more then is true: whereas I am accused that I have been the supporter of Fawnia's Pride, and she disdained as a vile beggar; so it is, that I am neither Father unto her, nor she the Daughter unto me.

For it so happened, that I being a poor Shepherd in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens Flocks; one of my sheep straying down to the Sea-side, as I went to seek her, I saw a little Boat driven upon the Shoar, wherein I found a babe of six days old, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet, having about the neck this Chain: I pitying the Child, and desirous of the Treasure, carryed it home to my wife, who with care nursed it up and set it to keep sheep, here is the Chain and the Jewels, and this Fawnia is the child whom I found in the boat: what she is, or of what Parentage I know not: but I am assured of it, that she is none of mine.

Pandosto would hardly suffer him to tell out his Tale, but that he inquired the time of the year, the manner of the boat, & other Circumstances: which when he found agreeing to his account, he suddenly leapt from his seat, and killed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his tears, and crying, my Daughter Fawnia, ah my sweet Fawnia, I am thy Father Fawnia; this sudden passion of the King drove them all into amaze, especially Fawnia and Doraſtus, but when the King had breathed himself a while in this new joy, he rehearsed before the Embassadors the whole matter, and how he had entreated his wife Bellaria for jealousie, and that this was the Child whom he sent to float on the Seas.

Fawnia was now more joyful that she had found such a father and Doraſtus was glad he should get such a wife. The Embassadors rejoyced, that their young Prince had made such a choice:

That

That those Kingdomes which through enmity had long time been dissevered, should now through perpetual amity, be united and reconciled: The Citizens and Subjects of Bohemia (hearing that the King had found again his Daughter, which was supposed dead, joyful that there was an Heir apparent to the Kingdom) made bonfires and Shows throughout all the City; The Courtiers and Knights appointed Justs and Turnies, to signifie their willing minds in gratifying the Kings hap.

Eighteen days being past in these Princely Sports, Pandosto willing to recompence Old Porrus, of a Shepherd made him a Knight; which done, providing a sufficient Navy to receive him and his Retinue, accompanied with Dorastus and Fawnia, and the Sicilian Ambassadors, he sailed towards Sicilia; where he was most Princely entertained by Egistus; who hearing this Comical event, rejoyced greatly at his Sons good hap; and without delay (to the Perpetual Joy of the Two young Lovers) Celebrated the Marriage. Which was no sooner ended, but Pandosto calling to mind how he first Betrayed his Friend Egistus; how his Jealousie was the cause of Bellaria's Death, that contrary to the Law of Nature he had Lusted after his own Daughter, moved with these Desperate Thoughts he fell into a melancholy Fit; and to close up the Comedy with Tragical Stratagems, he slew himself; whose Death being many days bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his dear Friend Egistus. Dorastus taking leave of his Father, went with his Wife, and the dead Corps into Bohemia; where after it was sumptuously Intombed, Dorastus ended his Days in Contented quiet.

FINIS.

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Greene, Robert

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